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MUSIC IN VIENNA.

The entire artistic world has been set in commotion by an event that occurred lately at the Conservatory. In consequence of the dismissal of Herr Dessoff, professor of composition, without the knowledge of professor Hellmesberger, the latter threw up his situation as artistic director of the Institution. The uncourteous way in which the directors took advantage of a letter which he wrote on the subject as a pretext for his instant dismissal has created great indignation not only in artistic circles but among the educated public generally. Nearly all the papers condemn the almost brutal and arbitrary conduct of a body of directors composed mostly of persons strangers to art, who, wholly and solely to avenge a fancied slight offered to their authority, threw over a man to whose talent and universally acknowledged zeal the Conservatory is indebted for its reputation, as coolly as though he could be replaced by the first fiddler that turned up. Herr Nicolaus Dumbe, a highly respected art-amateur, and a member of the board of Directors, was unable to attend any of the recent sittings of the latter, and was ignorant of the steps taken with regard to Professor Hellmesberger. He shares the general feeling of indignation, and, with several of his colleagues who think as he does, is about to leave the board. This quarrel, which is designated in Zellner's *Blätter für Musik*, "Suicide of the Vienna Conservatory" will, probably, be attended by results most disastrous to the Institution. A long period had elapsed since the date on which Professor Hellmesberger had despatched his letter to the directors when he was summoned before them, and required to sign a document retracting every point in his letter. This he naturally refused to do, and, on returning home three hours later, found his dismissal already there.—Mad. Pauli-Marcovics has appeared in another character, that of Lucia, and fully confirmed the favorable impression she previously produced. Mr. Adams was the Edgardo. There has been a highly successful performance of Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, with Mdlle. Rabatinsky for the first time as the heroine; Mdlle. Giudele, also for the first time, as Nancy; and Mr. Adams, as Lionel.—Mdlle. Ilma de Murska has been re-engaged for five months at the Imperial Opera-house. She is to receive 2,500 florins a month.

ART MATTERS.

I took occasion last week to refer to the founding of a National Fine Art Gallery. This is a subject that should be thoroughly agitated by the press throughout the entire country; it is not simply a luxury, it is an absolute necessity if we desire, as a people, to make any mark in the world of art; we want some permanent resting place where unknown painters can send their work and meet with that recognition and fairness of treatment which they cannot find at the National Academy—some place where the masses can go and, without expense, be privileged to look at and admire art as explained by American artists.

The National Academy has now been in existence some forty odd years; when first founded the population of the country was,

naturally, much smaller than at the present time; since then we have increased; our ideas have enlarged; and we have a much more thorough art education. Painting at the present day is a far different thing in this country than it was forty years ago; men who at that time were looked upon as great geniuses, are now passed by without recognition and a stronger, more original, more aggressive set of artists have taken their places. But the National Academy has not advanced as much as it might, with the country—we still find a great deal of old fogysm in its management, still find a fondness for old ideas and traditions. The council need stirring up; need an infusion of more liberal ideas; need, in short, to be brought to more thoroughly understand the progressive spirit of the age. To bring this end about we must establish a free gallery—a national gallery which shall be open to all contributors of whatever degree of merit—a gallery where the public at large shall become the judges of an artist's capability—where personal friendship and party feeling shall not be the tests by which an artist is judged—a gallery, to sum up in one word, where an artist shall stand on his own merits entirely and not on newspaper puffers, friendly prejudice, or skillful wire pulling. Until we have such an institution we cannot hope to attain that position as a civilized country which it is the earnest wish of every one who has thoroughly at heart the art interests of his country we should attain. We cannot hope to rank with the old world, where such galleries are numerous, and where the art education of the masses is made a matter of national pride. We cannot become a thoroughly civilized, refined, and educated people. Art is the civilizing, the refining element of humanity; without its teachings we are, at the best, but a sorry set of bores—it elevates our minds to a higher train of thought; imbues us with purer, holier feelings; and until its doctrines are thoroughly disseminated among a people they cannot hope to look for genuine culture, refinement, or education. There is no surer way to bring about this end than by making the people thoroughly conversant with the precepts and subtle mysteries of art; teaching them there is something more in this world of ours than dollars and cents—a world of poetry and imagination into which it is the bounden duty of the painter to lead them—a world where, forgetting labor and money making, they can be brought into closer contact with God and his handiwork.

This is the task before our painters and educated moneyed men—it is their duty, and should be their pleasure, to bring the people up to a higher standard of education—through art to improve both their minds and morals. Let them look to it that they do this, for by their works of the present will they be judged in the future.

T. B. Thorpe, well known in literary circles by his delicious "Hive of the Bee Hunter" and other works, has lately abandoned literature and proposes hereafter to devote himself to art, having set up his studio at the corner of Tenth street and Broadway, where he has on his easel some very charming pictures of domestic scenery. Mr. Thorpe's style is at present somewhat immature, but there is in all his works a genuine feeling and sentiment which must in course of time lead him to do thoroughly good things. One of the best pictures in the gentleman's studio at present is a study of early morning on the Hudson, in which he has admirably succeeded in depicting the effects of a stormy sky being dispelled by the rays of the rising sun. There are portions in this picture which remind one strongly of some of Turner's best efforts—good in color, strong in effect, and innately delicate in expression. Mr. Thorpe is an earnest, energetic painter and deserves both encouragement and success.

PALETTE.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"Little Nell and the Marchioness," produced at Wallack's last week, from a pecuniary point of view has proved a decided success, the great public flocking to see it in large numbers. From a purely artistic standpoint, however, it is not so entirely successful.

Mr. Brougham has used the "Old Curiosity Shop" in his adaptation just so far as he found scenes and incidents made to hand; many of the characters are omitted, Kit Nubbles, Mr. Garfield, Mrs. Nubbles, and many others, the whole interest being concentrated in Little Nell, the Marchioness, Quilp, and Dick Swiveller, who do things that probably Dickens never dreamt of. The play, in fact, may be termed almost entirely original, so independent is it of the incidents of the novel. Quilp's affection for Little Nell, and his desire to marry her, are the motives which are carried throughout the play, and form the sole basis of the plot; these are well carried out, and take three acts of very cleverly-written dialogue to develop. Mr. Brougham is always very happy in his dramatizations, and "Little Nell" may be counted the best, presenting, as it does, a series of strongly-drawn, powerful scenes and a continuous flow of genial humor throughout.

Miss Lotta's personation of the dual title role, although decidedly amusing, is by no means good. As "Little Nell" she looks charmingly, and plays with an unexpected quietness; but as the "Marchioness" she gives full vent to her superabundance of animal spirits, and, although Dickens' "Marchioness" is *outré* enough in all conscience, Lotta's antics are beyond the bounds of all